CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

AND WHY EVEN OF YOURSELVES JUDGE YE NOT WHAT IS RIGHT?——LUKE XII. 57.

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Religious.

ON THE ATTEMPT TO DEPRIVE UNITARIANS OF THE NAME OF CHRISTIANS.

(Concluded from p. 109.)

It still remains to show, as was originally designed, the *inexpediency* and *imprudence* of this proceeding on the part of some Trinitarians.

And, first, we complain of it as unnecessarily widening the breaches which already exist among Christians. A spirit of conciliation and tenderness exerted by the orthodox would be *infinitely* more likely to attract Unitarians back to the path of truth, if they are indeed in an error, than this ulterior measure of defiance, exclusion and denunciation. It may lacerate the feelings of a few timorous and tender-hearted persons, it may induce others to be silent in spite of their convictions, and it may, for a very short time, and in a very small degree, obstruct the progress of the offending doctrines. Yet, on the other hand, zealous, but well-meaning Trinitarians, can have no possible idea of the astonishing contrary effect produced among Unitarians by these violent and proscriptive measures. We can conceive of no greater injury that can be inflicted on a heart of the least sensibility than to rob it of the name of Christian. And will men sit down quietly and tamely under the reception of injury? It is not in human nature to do it. We venture to declare, that since the memorable reformation conducted by Luther, there is no instance recorded in ecclesiastical annals, of a progress so rapid and extensive in the dissemination of religious opinions, as has taken place with respect to Unitarianism in America during the past ten years. And whom have we to thank for it? Why none on earth but those, who perceiving the mere existence, or at most the slow and silent march of free inquiry stealing gradually along, saw fit to rouse its latent energies by interposing mounds of misrepresentation, or calling forth its mighty resistance by proscriptive denunciation. The reaction was inevitable, was irresistible. Unitarianism raised its sleeping head, shook from its brow the ineffectual arrows that were hurled from every quarter against it, and strode forth to unexpected, unsought for, and unexampled victory. God knows that these representations of the fact are not put forth in the spirit of boasting, but rather in that of humiliation. We are ashamed of human nature, that evil is so often necessary to the production of good. We lament that the glory and the triumph of our cause have been laid on a foundation so disparaging to the spirit of the age, and so degrading to the character of our opponents. But so it is. Men of thinking minds, of independent souls, of pure consciences, were not to be intimidated by mere clamour. This is not the country where a brief unpopularity is to obstruct the progress of any branch of free inquiry. We are too much accustomed to the storms and fluctuations of party in political life, not to know that religious agitation will speedily subside unless backed and perpetuated by civil power. Accordingly, Unitarians have had only to be firm, and thousands have rushed to their standard. Our exertions, as a sect, have been almost entirely negative, or perhaps re-active. We have only to explain—to answer charges—to throw light on scripture passages—to call Trinitarian creeds to the test—to wield the artillery of defence—and behold, how unexpected to both sides has been the effect! Calumny has goaded the supporters of the Unitarian cause into a partial concentration and systematization of effort. Pulpit denunciations have only driven inquisitive hearers into the obnoxious places of worship, and those who came to chide, remained to pray. Numbers are every day heard declaring, as soon as they lend their attention to the subject, "We have been Unitarians without knowing it, ever since we have thought." A name of a little unusual coinage, has not altered the thing which it expresses.—The name Unitarian was adopted to express what were conceived to be clear and consistent notions respecting the Deity, and notions, too, to which both parties cordially assent. But, because it was comparatively a new name, though representing an old and scriptural idea, it has been erected into a bugbear. The evil, as we have just shown, like the military elephants of old, has fallen upon those who employed it as a means of intimidation. Had more caution, more prudence, more forbearance, more insight into the inevitable tendencies of human nature, more respect for the independence of mind, been exercised, long would it have been ere a new distinction was set up in the American churches, and a new seem inserted into the garment of Christ. And let not this statement be answered by the reproachful boast, "We have at least driven an enemy from our borders. We have gotten rid of so many half Christians, imperfect Christians, and false Christians." Ah, boast not too much of that. These half Christians were, at least, worth the attempt to save. But you have driven them beyond your reach. Many of them would have gladly co-operated with you, in your favourite and laudable schemes for the extension of Christianity, and projects of religious benevolence. But you have refused even their subscriptions to a Bible Society.*—Besides, can you calculate on the perfect soundness of all who yet remain to you? Depend upon it, you hang together by an imaginary thread. The elements of discord are even now fermenting among you. Explain yourselves to each other, and that moment you will break up into new divisions. Professor Stuart ventured on that task. Immediately the jealousy of orthodoxy was roused, and fault was found with his explanations among yourselves. Princeton scowls doubt and suspicion on Andover, and Presbyterianism glares awful surmises against Congregationalism. Calvin and Hopkins are on the point of mutual excommunication; and whenever Unitarianism shall cease, either by its insignificance, or its overwhelming success, to be a rallying point of your monstrous alliance and co-operation, you must either crush the spirit which has banished us from your pale, or fall into an irretrievable mass of chaotic atoms.

In the mean time, what if Unitarians were to take you at your word? What if, goaded on to despair, we should renounce in reality the very name of Christian, which you have tried to compliment away from us? When our churches should be all abandoned, when our sabbaths should be desecrated, when our whole lives should be spent in denying Christ and pouring reproaches on his name, and, instead of defending his gospel, as we now do by all the instruments which God and reason and education have put into our hands, we should join with the now lurking spirit of infidelity, and make a mock at religion and holiness, you might then stand aghast at the consequences of your intolerance, and not need the feeble representations of a humble Unitarian Defendant to convince you of the *unscriptural*, *unjust*, and *imprudent* nature of your mode of controversy.

* As was the case in Baltimore.

A Unitarian's Belief, stated in scripture language.

From Eddy's Reasons.

I believe that 'there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things.' 1 Cor. viii. 6. 'That there is none other God but one.' 1 Cor. viii. 4. That the Father is 'the only true God.' John iv. 24. That he is the 'one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all.' Eph. iv. 6. That he is 'God only wise.' Rom. xvi. 27. And 'the only Lord God.' Jude iv. That He 'is the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God.' 1 Tim. i. 17. 'The only Potentate, and who *only* hath immortality.' 1 Tim. vi. 15. 16. That 'there is none other God but He.' Mark xii. 29. 34. That He is 'the God of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Eph. i. 17. Heb. i. 9. And 'the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Eph. i. 3.

I believe that He 'made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is.' Acts iv. 24. That 'He giveth to all *life* and *breath* and *all* things' and that 'in Him we live and move, and have our being.' Acts xvii. 25. 28. And that 'He created all things *alone*, by *himself*, by his *own hands*, and that there is no God with him.' Isaiah xliv. 24. xlv. 12.—Deut. xxxii. 39. Mark xiii. 19.

I believe 'that Jesus is the Christ.' 1 John v. 1. That he was born of Mary, 'the espoused wife of Joseph.' Mat. i. 11. Luke ii. 5. 6. I 'confess and believe that he is the Son of God.' 1 John iv. 15. Acts viii. 37. I believe that he is 'the beginning of the creation of God.' Rev. iii. xiv. 'The only begotten of the Father.' John i. 14. 'The first born of every creature.' Col. i. 15. And 'the first begotten and the first born from the dead.' Col. i. 18. Rev. i. 5.

I believe that 'God anointed him with the oil of gladness above his fellows.' Heb. i. 9. That 'God gave not the Spirit by measure to him.' John iii. 34. That it 'pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell.' Col. i. 19. That 'in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.' Col. ii. 9. That 'he is the image of the invisible God.' Col. i. 15. And 'the brightness of his glory.' Heb. i. 3.

I believe that he 'came down from heaven, not to do his own will, but the will of him that sent him.' John vi. 38. That he came 'to bear witness unto the truth.' John xviii. 37. That 'the Father which sent him, gave him a commandment what he should *say*, and what he should *speak*.' John xii. 49. I believe that he *said*, 'My Father is greater than I.' John xiv. 28. 'My Father is greater than all.' John x. 29. 'I can of mine own self do nothing.'—John v. 30. 'The Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works.' John xiv. 10. I believe that when he spake these words, he spake the *truth*, for I believe that he 'did no sin, neither was *guile* found in his mouth.' 1 Pet. ii. 22.—I believe that 'he and his Father are one.'—John x. 30.—Not one person, however, or being, but as all true disciples are one in the Father and he in them. John xvii. 21, 22. xiv. 20.

I believe 'in my heart that God hath raised him from the dead.' Rom. x. 9. That 'all power is given unto him in heaven and in earth.' Mat. xxviii. 18. That because 'he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and that every tongue should confess, that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.' Phil. ii. 8—11. Heb. ii. 9.—That 'God hath made him both Lord and Christ.' Acts ii. 36. That 'he hath exalted him to be a Prince and Saviour.' Acts v. 31. That 'God gave him to be head over all things to the Church.' Eph. i. 22. That 'God hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained,' that is Jesus Christ. Acts xvii. 31. Rom. ii. 16. That he 'is the way, and the truth, and the life.' John xiv. 6. And that 'there is none other name under heaven given amongst men, whereby we must be saved.' Acts iv. 12.

I believe also that 'there is one God, and one Mediator between *God* and *men*, the *man* Christ Jesus.' 1 Tim. ii. 5. That 'since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.' 1 Cor. xv. 21. That 'through this man is preached the forgiveness of sins.' Acts. xiii. 38. That 'at the coming of Christ, then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father.' 'Then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.' 1 Cor. xv. 23. 28.

This is my present faith on this subject, the result of diligent, prayerful, and laborious search after truth. But, agreeably to the principles of this church, and the command to search the scriptures, given by him who was not only full of grace and truth, but the way and the truth, I hold myself bound at all times to be open to conviction, and to the reception of truth, as the same shall be presented to my mind.

'Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God.' 1 John v. 1. 'Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him and he in God.' 1 John iv. 15.

HINTS ON EARLY EDUCATION.

INDEPENDENCE.

Connected with that strength of character, the cultivation of which has been recommended, is independence. It will be of great advantage to children if they are early induced to put forth their powers; to resort first to the resources within themselves; and, as far as possible, to obtain their objects by their own exertions.—Such an exercise strengthens the faculties, and gradually prepares a child for acting alone; whilst the habit of having every thing done for him, of depending upon others for all his enjoyments, enervates the mind, and has a tendency to weaken the active powers. The "I can't" with which children are apt to reply to the commands given them, is rarely to be admitted. "I can't" is too often brought forward merely as an excuse for indolence, or an apology for disobedience. Our pupils must learn that success depends upon resolute exertion; and that, under certain limitations, it is truth that man *can* do what he *chooses* to do. This conviction, adopted as a practical principle, will be powerful in its effects; and will materially contribute to improve the capacities, and augment the usefulness of any character.* Children will act with prudence, will employ and take care of themselves, very much in proportion as we lead them to do so; we must manifest our confidence in them, if we would render them worthy of it. Where can we find a being more helpless, more unable to contrive for himself; to guard against danger or escape from it when it comes upon him, than a child who has been brought up by his mother's or his nurse's side, looking to her for every enjoyment, and feeling his safety to be wholly dependent on her care? On the other hand, it may excite surprise to observe how much good sense and self-possession children will display, when early accustomed to depend upon themselves. This object, like every other connected with education, is not to be attained by great efforts, but gradually, and by gentle measures. We do not impose upon children that which is beyond their strength or skill, but we may lead them to take pleasure in accomplishing their objects without assistance, to feel it a point of honour to pursue them, notwithstanding some difficulties; to extricate themselves, to submit to trouble, and to surmount obstacles.

As it is by the "neglect of beginnings" that bad habits are contracted, we should not overlook even those minor occurrences of life, which early afford opportunities for inculcating a spirit of independence. For example—a little child runs to the door, impatiently turns and twists the handle, but cannot open it—the nurse springs up and does it for him;—but it would have been better had she kindly encouraged him to exert his own skill, and, with the aid of her instructions, to effect his purpose. He may by degrees, take care of, and put away his own play-things, dress himself, &c. but in urging him to these little efforts, care will be required that we do not carry it so far as to make them too serious a business, or to try his temper. As he advances in age, let him in his walks climb the gate and hedge alone, attend to his own garden, saddle his own poney; and, as far as he is able, find amusements for himself in his play hours. When it can be done with safety, he may, occasionally, be entrusted with the care of a younger brother or sister. This has a tendency to endear children to each other, the elder feels the younger to be under his particular protection, whilst the younger looks up to his brother for help and defence. By cultivating these sentiments, we may check the oppression, teasing, and, consequently, disputes so common between the younger and elder children of a family.

It is not unfrequently the case that mothers and nurses are pleased by the unqualified dependence of those under their care; and, for self-gratification, encourage it, at the expense of their children. They strive to retain their influence, and to secure a selfish affection by rendering their darlings helpless, and by fostering their babyish habits. But it is to be remembered that general independence and vigour of character are perfectly compatible with dependence of affection. This, indeed, is an object of first rate importance, and must necessarily spring out of that tenderest connexion—the connexion between a mother and her children—it must be the result of those innumerable kindnesses, of that flow of love and sympathy, which an affectionate and judicious mother cannot but uniformly display toward her children. Such a mother needs not the aid of a morbid dependence to retain her influence; she has no occasion to nurture the infirmities of her children, that she may strengthen their affection. It is to be desired that children should possess the greatest tenderness toward a mother, an enjoyment and delight in her society, a reverence for her opinions, and submission to her authority, combined with power to act alone, and to pursue their independent objects with vigour and pleasure; for it is necessary to all, but more especially to boys, that they should mingle strength with affection; that they should be manly as well as tender, and trained to help as well as to be helped.

* Dr. Hunter, the celebrated surgeon, being asked by what methods he had contrived to succeed in all his various undertakings, answered, "My rule is deliberately to consider before I commence, whether the thing be practicable. If it be not practicable, I do not attempt it—if it be practicable, I can accomplish it, if I give sufficient pains to it—and, having begun, I never stop till the thing is done. To this rule I owe all my success."

From the London Christian Observer.

LOTTERIES.

A lottery is an evil of the first magnitude.—It avails itself, for the most part, of the ignorance and covetousness of its dupes. It fosters the desire to be rich without labour, and without giving an equivalent; and, in addition to covetousnes, idleness also, and selfishness, and ambition, are encouraged by its instrumentality. If a blank be drawn, the issue is disappointment and discontent; if a prize, especially one of considerable amount, the result is most probably still worse; and it is well if it do not involve the destruction of the gambler's happiness and usefulness in this world, and his eternal welfare in the next. The divine blessing may be confidently looked for, under one form or another, by every man who industriously follows his lawful vocation in the fear of God; but by resorting to unwarranted expedients for getting rich, we tempt Providence, and may expect, even should we attain our object, that our apparent success will be frowned upon by the Almighty, and prove a curse instead of a blessing. "They that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil, which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." There are few vices which carry with them such immediate wretchedness as gambling. It deeply excites the passions; if it did not, it would be uninteresting; and what are the passions it excites?—Some of the most tormenting in the human heart—pride, anger, envy, and covetousness.—How great the evil, then, of a public gaming-table, or gambling-house! And in what other light can we look upon our lotteries? Surely no arguments of expediency can justify such a procedure; and it behoves every friend of morality respectfully, yet decidedly and boldly, to reprobate the whole system.

DRUNKENNESS.

Take special care that thou delight not in wine, for there never was any man that came to honour or preferment that loved it; for it transformeth a man into a beast, decayeth health, poisoneth the breath, destroyeth natural heat, brings a man's stomach to an artificial heat, deformeth the face, rotteth the teeth; and, to conclude, maketh a man contemptible, soon old, and despised of all wise and worthy men—hate it in thy servants, in thyself, and companions—for it is a bewitching and infectious vice; and, remember my words, that it were better for a man to be subject to any vice than to it; for all other vanities and sins are recovered, but a drunkard will never shake off the delight of beastliness; for the longer it possesses a man the more will he delight in it, and the elder he groweth, the more he shall be subject to it; for it dulleth the spirits and destroyeth the body, as ivy doth the old tree, or as the worm that engendereth the kernel of the nut. Take heed, therefore, that such a careless canker pass not thy youth, nor such a beastly affection thy old age; for then

shall all thy life be but as the life of a beast, and after thy death thou shalt only leave a shameful infamy to thy posterity, who shall study to forget that such a one was their father. Anarcharsis saith—"the first draught serveth for health, the second for pleasure, the third for shame, the fourth for madness;" but in youth there is not so much as one draught permitted, for it putteth fire to fire, and wasteth the natural heat. And therefore, except thou desire to hasten thine end, take this for a general rule, that thou never add any artificial heat to thy body, by wine or spice, until thou find that time has decayed thy natural heat; and the sooner thou beginest to help Nature, the sooner she will forsake thee aud trust altogether to art.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Christian Register.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1823.

The following curious, and to us, unintelligible paragraph, is from the February Number of the Missionary Herald. It is a part of the editorial remarks upon the Journal of the Sandwich Islands Missionaries.

Philosophers approve of education and civilization, though they ridicule the very idea of a Christian mission. But what philosopher ever went to reside among savages, for the purpose of teaching their children? What philosopher ever formed an alphabet for the sounds of a language never before written? Yet these things are done by missionaries. Strange that the very things which philosophers applaud, should be accomplished only by missionaries, the very men whom philosophers despise. The reason, however, as Dr. Chalmers suggests, is obvious. Missionaries carry the gospel. They are labouring for the interests of men, as immortal beings. If they were not influenced by these high and commanding motives, they never would have zeal enough to live among them. But philosophers cannot bear those truths, which the gospel always presents; nor those men by whom the gospel is urged as necessaryto salvation

What this writer iatends by the term "philosopher," we are quite at a loss to determine. He says that *philosophers* "ridicule the very idea of a Christian mission;" that they "despise" missionaries; and that they "cannot bear those truths which the gospel always presents; nor those men by whom the gospel is urged as necessary to salvation." These are very sweeping expressions, and certainly need some explanation or qualification. We know not with what philosophers this writer has been acquainted, or to whom he may particularly refer. If he mean by *philosophers* the infidels of the last century, it is very well; but let him explain himself. Let him not by his indiscriminate and wholesale censure bring the revered names of Locke and Newton, and multitudes more that might be named, to a level with those of Rosseau and Voltaire.

If any philosophers of the present day are opposed to missions, we apprehend that in most instances, this opposition is directed not against missions themselves, but against the manner in which they are conducted, and the principles they inculcate. And it seems to us, so far as this censure is intended for philosophers of the present day, that instead of pouring it out indiscriminately and equally upon those who disapprove only the particular character of our present missions, as upon those who (we would hope only through ignorance and a want of reflection) are violently and unreasonably opposed to all missions—it seems to us that instead of this, it would be well seriously to set about the correction of those imperfections and faults in the character of the missions, which keep back many conscientious and benevolent men from assisting in their support, and which probably even operate with some good men as motives of opposition.

There is one sentence in the above quotation which we think does not refer to missions. It is this: "But philosophers cannot bear those truths which the gospel always presents; nor those men by whom the gospel is urged as necessasy to salvation." The writer alludes, no doubt, to that opposition which the great majority of our well-educated laymen show (not to the *gospel*, but) to Calvinism. It is true that a great proportion of our men and women of cultivated minds and of strong natural sense, "cannot bear" the doctrines of Calvin; they "cannot bear" that they should be presented to them as "gospel truths," and be "urged as necessary to salvation;" and it seems to us that instead of bringing this against them as a subject of reproach, it should be received rather as an evidence of their sincerity and piety, and should lead the abettors of Calvinism to suspect the correctness of their own creed, and to review and examine it with the severest scrutiny.

Our readers will recollect that in the Register for Jan. 24, and 31, there were some remarks in relation to the services before the Howard Benevolent Society, at the Old South, and that some of them tended to impute blame to the preacher. We feel it our duty to state that we have since been made acquainted with circumstances of which we were before ignorant, which place the subject in quite a different light, in relation to the gentlemen who officiated on that occasion, from that in which we viewed it, and in which it was viewed by our first correspondent.

We learn that when the Committee of the Howard Benevolent Society called on Dr. Jarvis, to request him to preach on that occasion, he informed them that whenever he officiated in public, he was obliged by the canons of the Church to read particular prayers, and that if he preached on this anniversary, he must make it a condition of the engagement, that he be permitted to read these prayers. To this the Committee readily assented.

It will be perceived, by this statement, that however objectionable the reading of the prayers in question may be considered in itself, by any of us, yet the gentleman who officiated should be entirely exonerated from all blame on the occasion, as well as from all suspicion of having pursued, in relation to it, any other than a perfectly upright and honourable course.

For the Christian Register.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF JOTHAM ANDERSON.

CHAP. VI.

The trials of which I spake in my last chapter, as coming upon me in consequence of my decision in regard to religion, were of several sorts. I can name them but in few words. I had supposed that all who professed a friendship for me, and had so zealously interested themselves in my behalf, would rejoice with me in the relief of mind I had gained, even though they might have wished that my conclusions had been nearer their own. But here I was disappointed. From the moment it became known in what manner my concern of mind had terminated, and that I was not to be *brought out* as a convert after their fashion; there was a manifest change in the manners of many toward me. Instead of cordiality I found coldness, instead of a welcome I met a repulse. And I soon found that all their zeal for my soul's welfare was nothing at bottom but a desire to have the eclat of the schoolmaster's conversion; and that there was a grievous disappointment, not at the danger in which my soul was placed, but in this frustration of a party spirit. I had too much proof of this to fear that I charge them wrongfully.

But this was not the case with all. Some were truly and benevolently afflicted for my own sake. Amongst these was my excellent hostess, Mrs. Hilson. I had all along held the most free communication with her; she knew the whole state of my mind, and had acted toward me the part of a mother. She was too gentle and meek to be bigoted; but as all her own rich treasures of religious comfort and hope were built on the doctrines she had been taught, and they were dearly associated with every pious and benevolent sentiment of her soul, she very naturally could conceive of no real religious happiness from any different source. When she found that I could not draw from this, she was troubled; for she thought there was none other. She did not question my sincerity, but lamented my blindness in not seizing what, from *her own experience*, she knew to be the only secret of happiness. Wiser persons than she have made the same mistake of trying all others by their own experience, while in fact men's experiences differ as much as their faces.

I never shall forget the kind and tender interest which she expressed toward me to the last of my residence in the village. She was in all my solicitudes a faithful friend. To her I could unbosom myself without restraint, and find relief from her sympathy. Our hearts could feel and pray together, however we might vary in our creeds. And to the last of her life, while her friends and my friends were zealously accusing each other of corrupting the whole gospel, she ceased not to feel that there might be Christians who were not Calvinists; and I, for her sake, have always been able to see the spirit of the gospel reigning even among those whose speculations were most hostile to its truths. Indeed, who that has ever formed an intimate acquaintance beyond the narrow pale of his own sect, does not feel the wicked meanness of that bigotry which confines piety and salvation to those who agree with himself.

"I still hope," said Mrs. Hilson, the evening before I returned to my father's house—"I still hope and trust that you will see reason to think differently." "I pray that I may," said I, "if I am wrong; I have no wish but to learn and follow the truth; and I say sincerely that I think I could in a moment embrace any opinion which could be proved to be of divine authority. You have yourself seen how anxious I have felt, and how diligently I have sought." "Certainly, certainly," she replied; "you have done your duty well, and I think God will not leave so sincere a soul in darkness. It is this that makes me sure you will, by and bye, be brought right. We must wait His good time."

"But why," said Mr. Hilson, who was a blunt, good natured man, "why, Betsey, should you wish master Anderson to change? I am sure there is not a cleverer, honester man, nor better master to be found. And as for his religion, he's as serious and prayerful, and studies his Bible as hard as any of them, though to be sure he is not for making such a noise about it.—Now to my mind, this is the right way; and I am sure that if any body could make me a Christian, it would be just this Mr. Anderson. And his quiet sort of religion now, would do more to work upon the minds of one half the people here, than all the stir that's been made this winter. Why, there's a great many been driven away from all kinds of religion by the confusion we've had about it. I believe I should have been myself, if it had not been for the master. And there's many a one that will never get over his disgust, but is made, I warrant it, profane for life."

"You astonish me," said I, for this was entirely new to me;—"it is not conceivable that men should be so unreasonable. What, fly off to irreligion because their neighbours are so engaged in religion? They must be very ill-disposed persons."

"No;" replied he—"not so ill-disposed neither; some very conscientious men have been affected in this way; and if I was to speak my mind, I should say that this stir has cooled as many friends to religion as it has made."

"Husband, husband," cried Mrs. Hilson—"how can you say so? I am truly ashamed of you."

"Look here, my dear," said he, "who is likely to know most of it; you, who see only one side—or I, who see both sides? Now I know all that's going on, and all that's said, every where in the village; while you only know what passes at meeting and among go-to-meeting folks; and I can tell you beyond all doubt that the devil has gained some disciples as well as Christ. I'll tell you a few things. I've heard more swearing, and seen more drinking and ill temper amongst the men, because of this thing than I ever knew in the village before in my life; and from some very reputable folks too. There's the Joneses and the Malcolms have not been calm this two months; and there's no doubt their wives would do more for religion by staying at home and making their houses happy with it, than by running away and causing their husbands and children to hate it.—Then, besides these that are hurt in this way, you know there are some of the converts that are said to be none the better since their zeal has cooled. You know how ** and *** and **** turned out, and there are more too."

"You ought not to triumph over this," said I.

"And I do not," said he; "but there are them that do, and it has afforded more joy and jests to infidels and blasphemers than I can tell you of. Now does not this do harm to real religion? And would not it all have been prevented by permitting matters to go on quietly and soberly as in times past? For take five years together, there would have been as many Christians made in the usual way, as by all this extraordinary movement; while at the same time none of this extraordinary evil would have been done. This is not all. It is incredible what sin has been committed in the way of slander and lying, and that by very pious people too. I'll tell you what reports have been spread about you, Master Anderson, just by way of specimen. First, it got about that you were under deep concern of mind, and had written home to your father, who told you not to be troubled, for the people were mad, and religion would spoil you for a schoolmaster. That you became afterward more earnest, and when you could get no comfort from your father's principles, he sent you to Mr. Reynolds, and you found peace. That then your father, too, became anxious, and came to see Mr. Reynolds, and confessed to him that he had never felt religion, and was more than half an infidel; and that he was converted and went home, and got up a revival in his own parish. All this and much more was made up out of the whole cloth, and circulated as so much gospel by those who knew it was all false. And when it was discovered that your mind was settled another way, then it was said, and is believed to this day, that you have got another Bible, different from ours; and that a good part of the time you pretended to be studying the scriptures, you were playing cards in your room with R. and E. For a whole day it was believed that you had told the children it was all nonsense to pray in the school, and you should do it no longer. I could tell you a great deal more of the same sort, and so you must not wonder that some folks think there is no religion in what bears so much bad fruit."

Mrs. Hilson appeared as much disconcerted at this disclosure, as I was amazed. She said, however, that it was fair to look on both sides, and count the wheat in the field, as well as the tares. "True," said her husband; "but will every body do that? Most persons will not do it; and, consequently, most persons will be injured."

"But you and I must do it," said I. "Religion is a solemn reality, whatever imperfections there may be in its friends; and surely you will not on account of those imperfections refuse to strive for your own salvation."

Mr. Hilson has since told me, that this sentiment struck him more forcibly, than any preaching he had ever heard. I am happy to add, that he became one of the most enlightened and sincere christians I have ever known.

I parted from my friends the next morning, amidst the most affectionate wishes. Deacon Lumbard came to give me his parting blessing, and to say that he did not doubt he should yet see me all he could wish, for he loved me too well to think otherwise. As I passed by the minister's door, I stopped to bid farewell. He shook me by the hand, saying he loved me none the less for my honesty, and doubted not God had a blessing for me. The kindness of these two good men was a cordial to my spirits. I left them better and happier for having known them; and rejoicing that there was a better world, where imperfection would be done away, and where the holy light of unveiled truth would dissipate the little cloud that now hovered between us.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

A Postscript to the Second Series of Letters addressed to Trinitarians and Calvinists, in reply to the Remarks of Dr. Woods on these Letters. By HENRY WARE, D. D. *pp.* 48.

A pamphlet bearing this title has just issued from the University press, and is to be obtained at the book-store of *Cummings & Hilliard*, in this city. We have perused its pages with much satisfaction; and know not which most to admire, the perspicuous, conclusive, and lawyer-like logic of its author, or the perfect frankness, manly independence, and freedom from the proverbial *odium theologicum*, which pervades this and every production from the same able pen. These pages were written to vindicate their author against several misrepresentations of his sentiments and language in Dr. Woods' Remarks on the Second Series of Letters to Trinitarians and Calvinists; and, however much we may deprecate the spirit of perversion which could make such publication necessary, and, however astonishing it may seem, that, in the nineteenth century, at this period of general light and knowledge, a vindication of the Unitarian faith against the mystical doctrines and polluted theology of the dark ages, so refined and made palatable as these doctrines are by Dr. Woods, should be found necessary and expedient, yet we cannot but rejoice in an event which calls such a powerful and judicious champion of truth as Prof. WARE into the field.

We offer here no tardy tribute to the highly cultivated talents, profound learning, and apostolic temper of Prof. WARE—a tribute which every hearer of his devout prayers and his able discourses, and every reader of his controversial writings involuntarily bestows—but we wish to apprize the reading and thinking public that another work from his pen is before them, which should be carefully read and studied by every inquirer after truth.

We give the following extract to show the effect of study and thought on a mind of confessedly the highest order, in fixing and confirming the convictions of the truth of the pure UNITARIAN FAITH.

"The great articles of the Unitarian Faith, I am satisfied, rest upon a foundation that can never be shaken. The more they are contemplated, the dearer they are to my heart; and the more closely I have had occasion to examine the evidence upon which they stand, and the objections that have been urged against them, the more firmly am I persuaded of their truth and importance. The oftener they are presented to view, and made the subject of public discussion, the better will they be understood, the more clearly will their evidence, their reasonableness, and their foundation in the word of God be believed, and the sooner, I am confident, shall we witness their general prevalence."—*p.* 47.

F.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

CHARLES ASHTON.

Having been interested in the notice taken of this little work in your paper, and in the Christian Disciple, I purchased it, and read it attentively. The design is excellent, the effect will be beneficial, but the performance seems to me somewhat faulty. Indiscriminate praise of such a work will, I fear, induce this author, and other writers for youth, to imitate the style and plan. As a friend of peace, and of the rising generation, I greet with satisfaction, every attempt to inform the public mind on this subject, and to inspire the young with correct sentiments on war.

Charles Ashton is the son of an English clergyman, and early conceives an ardent desire to be a soldier. His father had no predilection for that profession, but was resolved not to thwart what should be the deliberate and mature choice of his son. Chance threw before the lad an old soldier, scared with wounds, "a drunken vagabond," whose relation of his adventures, and whose unprincipled conduct, were calculated to disgust the youthful aspirant. Mr. Ashton took his son to visit a Col. Gordon, an officer of great merit, who had been in much active service. His sufferings had brought on a premature old age, and his descriptions of battles were adapted to cool the ardour of the youth in wishing to be a soldier. Such is the plan of this work.

My principal objection to this tale is, *it is not generally in the language of youth.* It is a fault with too many writers of juvenile books, that their style is above the comprehension of those whom they address, or too sentimental for their taste. It requires a peculiar tact to address the young. Charles Ashton is supposed to be about twelve or thirteen years old, but from his actions and language, the reader would suppose him not older than eight or ten.—"Here is the shilling which I have been keeping for you," said his father. A boy of twelve or thirteen years would keep his shilling himself. The exclamations and remarks of Charles are such as an intelligent boy of two or four years younger would naturally make. Now the didactic and preceptive style of this work is not well adapted to interest the feelings of such a lad. Neither is such an expression as the following to be commended. "He (Washington) is an exception to all soldiers, and the exception does not make the rule," said Mr. Ashton to his son, and the observation must have been unintelligible to him. The Colonel, the drunken soldier, and Mr. Ashton use not dissimilar language; all being sensible, refined, sentimental. These characters are not dramatic, natural, peculiar. The *mottos* to the chapters are not all well chosen, considering they are addressed to youth. Why not use the same language in books as in conversation? This is the practice of Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth in their juvenile works.

My next objection is, that some *incorrect sentiments are inculcated.* A proper discrimination is not made between justifiable and unjust wars. An impression is made that all war, even in self-defence, or in maintenance of just rights, is wicked. There is no surer mode of retarding the influence of Peace Societies than the encouragement of such sentiments. Mr. Ashton was a magistrate also, as many English clergymen are. The old soldier had stolen a silver snuff-box, (which he found on the *kitchen* table,) was detected in another town, apprehended, and sent back by an officer to Mr. Ashton.—"The old man begged hard for mercy; he had rather die, he said, than go to jail at his time of life; it was his first offence, and should also be his last. Mr. Ashton heard the officer's story, and then told him that he would discharge

him of his prisoner, and take the responsibility upon himself, as he was a magistrate, as well as a clergyman." How inconsistent and culpable was this! What right had any one, especially a magistrate, thus to compound with a criminal and release him? "For this time," said the justice, "you go free. Only beware of another offence; for every one may not be as lenient as I have been." Singular conduct, indeed, for a magistrate, and of injurious tendency to inculcate upon the young, that to be humane they must violate salutary laws.

There are some improbable circumstances, and incorrect statements in the work. A silver snuff-box would not probably be found in a kitchen by a beggar; an English soldier, who came to this country and fought against the armies of our revolution, would not have been ignorant of the name of Washington and say, "it might have been some such name for aught I know." It is stated that a body of American militia and Indians, who fired upon the British "from the bushes," and "amidst the long grass," were able to repulse the latter when assailed by the regular troops at the point of the bayonet! A cannon ball is said to have struck the old soldier's comrade in the breast, and "*split* him open"; and amidst other martial sounds, the author speaks of the "*braying* of the trumpets."

For American youth, the scene had better have been laid in this country, and thus allusions to foreign customs avoided. The tale should have had more incidents instead of long stories. The language of the *dramatis personæ* should have been characteristic. Violations of nature, military facts, and duty of magistrates, should not have been inculcated. The work should have been adapted to the comprehension of children, and to excite a deep interest in them.

We have not made these remarks to lessen the good influence of this meritorious little work, but simply to point out its defects, in order that in future, similar attempts may be more successful, although we doubt not this will be extensively read and patronized as it ought. The public are under obligations to the author for the good intended and effected by his pleasing story. It is to be hoped he will continue to labour, and more successfully, in this field of usefulness. There is a great want of books, of a moral and religious tendency, *adapted to the capacities and taste* of children from seven to twelve years of age. A writer of taste, judgment, and piety, connot render a more important service than to employ his talents in their behalf; but to be successful he must be conversant with these little folks, understand their language, and write in their tongue. He must be content to gain their attention, interest their feelings, and win their *hearts*, rather than to address the more cultivated understandings of their parents, and weave a literary chaplet to adorn his own brows.

For the Christian Register.

NEW THEOLOGICAL WORK.

Mr. Editor—Among the new publications, issued from the *Edinburgh* press in October last, was one with this title—"*The Constitution of the Character of Jesus Christ.*" "The argument of this work," says the advertisement, "rests chiefly upon a fact, hitherto overlooked, viz:—that the apostles, for twenty-five years, at least, laboured under the Jewish prejudice, that the Messiah was a mere man; but afterwards, having their attention excited more particularly to the subject, they discovered his Divinity."--3*vo.* 10*s. boards.*

In the title to the above work, the following things are conceded by the author. 1. That Jesus did not teach that he was God. 2. That the apostles, during a quarter of a century, *at least*, did not believe in the Deity of their master. 3. That the Jewish nation, the twelve apostles, and all the converts to christianity, did, until the lapse of twenty-five years at least after the ascension of Jesus, believe that he was a mere man. 4. That finally the divinity [or rather *Deity*] of Christ was not revealed from heaven, but "discovered" by the apostles.

We consider this avowal merely as a corroboration of the arguments of Unitarians, that Jesus ever disclaimed the title of Deity; and in abandoning the ground that has been contested by so many Trinitarians, in Great Britian, as well as in this country, this writer is obliged to resort to a novel and whimsical expedient to sustain a doctrine which has been yielding gradually before the weapons of truth taken from the gospel armory. S. A.

From the New-York Com. Advertiser.

Interesting Historical Work.—It has been mentioned in this paper within the last year, that the Rev. Dr. Bassett, of Bushwick, (L. I.) had completed a translation of a Topographical and Natural History of New Netherland, from the original Dutch of Dr. *Adrian Van Der Donk*, and first published at Amsterdam, in 1655. This work, which comprehends a particular account of the nature, quality, situation and productions of that country, together with a view of the manners and customs of the Aborigines, the natural history of the Beaver, and a great variety of curious and interesting matter, is now ready for the press, and Mr. Jonathan Seymour will shortly issue proposals for publishing it by subscription. The translator has also added an appendix, consisting of such parts of De Lact's and Lambrechten's History as he has judged necessary. The work is warmly recommended by the New-York Historical Society, and also by Gov. Clinton, to whose inspection the MS. has been submitted. There can be little doubt that a work of this kind, exhibiting a mass of entertaining and instructive matter, touching the early history and settlement of this country, will receive an extensive support.

On Sunday, the 16th inst. a discourse on *the duty of public usefulness* was delivered in the Hall of the House of Representatives, at Washington, by the Rev. Robert Little, minister of the First Unitarian Church in city. This Sermon has been published at the request of several members of Congress, and has been forwarded to us by a friend at Washington. It is an able and interesting discourse, and cannot fail, we think, to produce a happy influence on the minds of all who heard it. It is grounded on Phil. ii. 15—*Among whom, shine ye as lights in the world.*

Proposals have been issued for the publication of a new paper in this city, to be called the BOSTON COURIER. It is proposed to be issued three times each week, viz. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. The price of the paper will be four dollars a year, which is the same as that of the semi-weekly papers. To those subscribers who wish it, it is proposed also to send a paper on the other three days of the week, printed on one side only, at six dollars a year for the whole. We have not learnt who will be the editor of the proposed paper, and hence can form no opinion of the ability with which it will be conducted.

Massachusetts Reports.—The seventeenth volume of Reports of Cases in the Supreme Court of this Commonwealth, is just published. This volume, which closes the labours of Mr. TYNG, as reporter, contains an alphabetical index of all the cases in the preceding volumes. The Reports will be continued by Mr. PICKERING, who has been appointed to the office resigned by Mr. Tyng.

A volume has been published at Philadelphia, of *Rejected Addresses*, which were presented for the prize offered for the best poem, to be delivered on the opening of the Philadelphia Theatre, to which is prefixed the accepted address, by Mr. Sprague.

A spirited Sketch of "*Leather Stocking*," from the novel of the "Pioneers," has been executed by H. INMAN, of New-York, a very promising young artist.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

We have to announce the death of the pious, learned, and venerable JOHN HECKEWELDER, of Bethlehem. He died on Friday, the 31st of January, at 6 o'clock in the morning, at the advanced age of seventy-nine years. Had he lived until the next month he would have attained the age of eighty. The Rev. John Heckewelder, having spent the greater part of his life among the Indian nations, was little known in this country, until our lamented Dr. Wistar, who was an excellent judge of merit, persuaded him to communicate to the world the immense fund of information that he possessed respecting the history, manners and customs of the aborigines of our land. Wistar did not live to see that work published, which has placed Heckewelder amongst the most interesting writers that this country has produced, but by means of its publication its author became more generally known, and endeared himself to all who had the happiness of his acquaintance, not only by the knowledge that he possessed, and which he freely communicated to all who were desirous of it, but by all those excellent qualities of the heart which command love, esteem, veneration and respect.—His religion was solid, his piety sincere, his modesty unassumed, and his benevolence unbounded. His loss will be felt and regretted by the country at large, whose literary fame he largely contributed to extend; but to those who were admitted to the intimacy of his friendship, and to that religious society of which he was the ornament and the pride, that loss is a misfortune which no words can sufficiently express.

We understand that Mr. Heckewelder has left some posthumous works, which will be published in due time. *Phila. pa.*

Wernerian Society.

On Saturday, Nov. 20, the Wernerian Society held a meeting in the College, which was numerously attended, and at which Professor Jamieson produced, for the inspection of the members, the tusk of a Mammoth, which was discovered near Rugley, in Warwickshire.—This enormous specimen of antedeluvian remains measured six and a half feet in length. It was bound together in various places by bands of tin. We never heard of any tusk of this animal which reached to such large dimensions. At the same time Dr. C. Anderson read a description of an improved measure for ascertaining small quantities of fluids, and presented the Society with the measure, which appeared to us to be greatly superior to the former contrivance for the same purpose. *Edinburgh Obs.*

The Congregational Church, lately erected at Fall-River, (Troy,) was dedicated to the worship of God on Wednesday, the 19th inst. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Austin, of Newport.

A Silver Pitcher has been sent by the Tabernacle Church in Salem, Mass. to the Mission Church at Brainerd," as a token of their grateful remembrance of attentions paid to Dr. Worcester, during his last illness.

The following paragraph is from the Boston Recorder of the 22d inst.

Many friends of Zion in different parts of the country, have agreed to set apart Thursday, the 27th of this month, as a season of Fasting and Special Prayer to God, that he will pour out his Spirit on the Colleges and Academies of the country in a more powerful manner this year than ever before.

Schools in New-York.

From a recent report by the superintendent of common schools in the state of New-York, founded on returns from 649 towns and wards, (including the whole state except 7 old and 14 new towns) it appears that the number of children taught in the schools, in the year 1822, was 351,172; the whole number of children in the same districts between the ages of 5 and 15 being 357,029. The whole number of districts which have made reports is 6,255. The average period for which schools have been kept in these districts is eight months. In all the districts in two counties the schools were kept 12 months, in three counties an average of 11 months, in four counties, 10 months, &c. There has been a regular and very great increase in the number of children taught in the schools, during the eight years since the establishment of the school system. In this period upwards of $1,200,000 dollars have been drawn from the treasury, and raised by tax, for the support of common schools; and it is estimated by the superintendent that during the same period nearly three millions more have been contributed by individuals for the same purpose. The amount of public money received the last year, by the districts making returns, was $173,420. While the people of New-York have been making these liberal and successful efforts to extend the blessings of education in that state, it is mortifying to reflect, that for the three last years, the most strenuous exertions have been made by the legislature of our own state to repeal the ancient law requiring the maintenance of grammar schools. *Boston D. Adv.*

Manufacturing Corporations.

The Legislature of Maine in their last session, passed a law providing that after the 1st day of August next, the members of manufacturing corporations shall be exempted from all individual liability for debts due from such corporations, on contracts, made after that time, provided the corporation shall once a year give notice of the assessment paid in, and shall make a division of the capital stock, or any part of it, until all debts shall be paid; with certain other provisos.

The Legislature of Maine also passed a resolve requiring the selectmen of towns, and assessors of plantations, to make a return of the number of deaf and dumb persons, specifying their age and sex. *ib.*

Tread Mill.

One of these excellent inventions was put into operation a short time ago for the employment of the prisoners in the county jail and house of correction at Reading, Penn. The prisoners, it is stated, performed the labour apparently well for several days, when 32 mutinied and refused to go upon the wheels, stating that they must have extra provisions and leather bottomed shoes, or they would not perform the labour. They considered confinement in cells was all the punishment that awaited their disobedience, but in this they were deceived; the keeper and assistants were under the necessity of having recourse to arms and bludgeons, and compelled every man to go upon the wheel to perform the allotted labour. *Ports. Jour.*

Blessings of Slavery.—The Grand Jury of Charleston present as a grievance, the number of *schools* which are kept within the city by persons of colour, and believe that a city ordinance *prohibiting*, under severe penalties, such persons from being public instructers, would meet with general approbation.

Expensive Indulgence.—Twelve millions, four hundred and seventy-eight thousand *cigars* were imported the last year into the United States. It is calculated, says the Philadelphia Democratic Press, that the value of all sorts of cigars consumed in the United States in one year, is about fifty millions of dollars.

We have been told that the Indians at the eastward prognosticate great freshets during the approaching spring, from the circumstance of the *beavers* having built their houses one story higher than common last fall. This they consider an invariable forerunner of great freshets. *Salem Gaz.*

SUMMARY.

Pirates.—Capt. Granger, from Matanzas, informs that two vessels supposed American, had been captured by the Pirates 15 miles to the westward of that place. The crews were tied in the rigging, the vessels set on fire, and all burned together!! Capt. G. also informs that Matanzas swarmed with pirates. A few days previous to his sailing they attacked the Americans on the King's dock, with clubs, stones, &c.; a number were driven into the river, and others seriously hurt. Captain Culver, of the schooner William & Henry, of this port, was nearly killed, by a stone thrown from the Custom House. Captains Garner and Blinn, were also wounded. Three piratical vessels were cruising between Point Yeacos and Havana. *N. Y. Gaz.*

Pirates captured.—Capt. Myers, of the schooner Nancy, arrived here yesterday from Jamacia, reports that the British sloop of war Tyne had captured a piratical schooner and felucca off the south side of Cuba. Thirty of the pirates were killed and seventeen taken prisoners, who, together with the prizes, arrived at Kingston on the same day with the Nancy.—*Balt. Amer.*

Police Court.—A bunch of large keys, some of which have apparently been altered and fitted to other locks, have recently been taken from the residence of certain persons, who now stand accused of theft. All persons who have lost keys, or whose stores, &c. have been entered by false keys, may see them on application at the Police Court.

The principal part of the persons convicted at the Sessions in New-York, of crimes, are sentenced to the *Tread Mill*, in the Penitentiary.—*Cent.*

We are happy to state, that Messrs. N. M. Heywood and Geo. N. Fisher, have succeeded in recovering the goods which were stolen from their store on the 8th inst. The thieves were traced to St. Armond, in Canada, and with the assistance of Mr. Benj. Thatcher, of Montreal, and Mr. Warren Jones, of Montpelier, (Vt.) the whole of the goods were recovered, and, together with one of the thieves, whose name was Edwards, were brought to this city last evening—the others has not been detected. *Adv.*

Francis D. Parker, a counterfeiter, and *Hiram Ward*, a larcener, have broken from Worcester jail, and escaped. They were furnished with tools from without, to escape. $50 reward is offered for the detection of Parker, and $20 for Ward.

Gov. Parris, of Maine, has issued his proclamation, appointing Thursday, the 3d of April, to be observed in that state as a day of public humiliation, fasting and prayer.

The number of vessels which entered the port of Nantucket in the year 1822, was 139, of which 28 were whaling vessels, and 4 from foreign ports, and the rest were coasters. In the same period, 34 whaling vessels cleared, and 3 for foreign ports.—*D. Adv.*

Hon. William King, of Bath, has been appointed Agent to represent the State of Maine at the War Department, on the subject of the Claims for reimbursement of expenses incurred by Massachusetts during the late war.

NEW YORK, FEB. 24.—We have received a Caraccas Weekly Gazette of the 16th and 22d. of January, from which we collect the following intelligence, concerning military operations in the neighbourhood.

On the 25th of Dec. a Spanish squadron of nine vessels arrived at Gibraltar, and on the debarcation of their troops, Gen. Clement fell back to Labanalarga, and afterwards to Pozoseco where he remained on the 1st, to keep up a communication with the column of Coro, under Col. Torellas. Morales followed and took possession of Truxillo on the 30th December. Hence he marched towards Merida, and reached Mendoza on the 1st. Clement despatched Col. Carrillo with a small column, who took Truxillo on the 5th, with a few prisoners.—— The force of Morales consists of about 1300 men. Castella was in Merida, with 300 men, a few horse, and all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood and Gomez was at hand with another column.

Chili.—A General Convention was to be assembled in Peru, to determine a form of government.

Lima.—San Martin resumed the supreme government on the 22d of August.

A letter from Barcelona of the 12th January states the feelings of the inhabitants to be enthusiastic in the cause of liberty, and the success of Morales to be impossible, should he attempt Orinoco.

The officers of the Spanish sloop of war Infanta Maria Francisca, taken by the Columbian squadron, were released on parole by Com. Daniels on the 25th Dec.

The Vencedor returned from Cumana and Margarita, with two cannon, and a number of seamen to complete the equipment of the sloop of war Constitution. The Vencedor joined Com. Daniels at Ocumana, and will accompany his squadron on an important enterprise.

The latest of our papers contains no news from the armies, which seems to augur nothing favourable—we cannot even find any remarks on the subject, which is a little remarkable, considering the short distance between Caraccas and the scene of action. Much agitation seems to exist in the city, as we notice a plan recommended to the government for the expulsion of all who do not entertain republican sentiments, on the ground that many persons are allowed to reside there who are undoubtedly spies. *D. Adv.*

Erratum.—Near the bottom of the first column on our first page, of the present number, for 'seem' read *seam.*

MARRIED,

In Providence, Mr. John Wardwell, to Miss Dorcas Corey Snow.

In Newburyport, Mr. George Emery, to Miss Polly Foote—Mr. Thomas Goodwin, to Miss Eliza Ann Jewett.

In Lunenburg, on Sunday evening, Mr. James C. Harrod, to Miss Jane Turner.

In Harvard, Mr William Bowles Willard, to Miss Abiah W. Harrod.

In Newton, by the Rev. Mr. Francis, Mr. Richard G. Wheatland, of Salem, to Miss Mary B. Richardson, daughter of John Richardson, Esq.

DIED,

In Plymouth, Mrs. Jane, wife of Mr. Eleazer Morton, aged 66.

In Salem, Sally Knight, daughter of the late Mr. Aaron Knight, aged 10—Mrs. Mary Henderson, wife of Mr. Joseph Henderson.

In Hardwick, on the 19th inst. Mrs. Mercy Paige, aged CII.

In New-Bedford, on the 20th inst. Capt. Silas Parker, aged 80—a worthy and respectable citizen.

In Fairhaven, Mrs. Elizabeth Drew, wife of Mr. Joshua Drew, aged 56.

In Detroit, Mrs. Harriet Ellert, daughter of Capt. Alpheus Williams, formerly of Charlton, aged 24.

POETRY.

From the Aberdeen Journal.

HEAVEN.

THERE is a land of calm delight,
To sorrowing mortals given;
There rapturous scenes enchant the sight,
And all to soothe their souls unite;
Sweet is their rest—in heaven.

There glory beams on all the plains,
And joy, for hope, is given;
There music swells in sweetest strains,
And spotless beauty ever reigns,
And all is love—in heaven.

There cloudless skies are ever bright;
Thence gloomy scenes are driven;
There sun's dispense unsullied light,
And planets beaming on the sight,
Illume the fields of heaven.

There is a stream that ever flows,
To passing pilgrims given;
There fairest fruit immortal grows;
The verdant flower eternal blows
Amid the fields—of heaven.

There is a great and glorious prize,
For those with sin who've striven;
Tis bright as star of evening skies,
And, far above it, glittering lies
A golden crown—in heaven.

Miscellany.

HOME;

Or a short account of Charles Grafton.

A few years since, in travelling from Boston to New-York, to take command of a vessel, in which I had made a former and very successful voyage, there were in the stage coach with me another master, and two mates; and conversation, as might be expected, often turned upon events which had occurred at sea. We rode very happily together, though the day had been tempestuous; but at night, the roads having become very bad, the horses impatient, and the darkness so great as to make it very difficult to guide them, the carriage was overturned; and we were all sufficiently bruised and uncomfortable, to make us glad of the shelter of the meanest hut, and of the kindness even of the poorest individual. We looked about us, and soon perceived a light; and almost as soon heard the cheering language of sympathy and benevolence. "Go in, go in," said the stranger, extending his hands to feel us; for we could scarcely be seen. We very readily accepted his invitation, and entered the house.—At the door we were received by a woman, about sixty years of age. "Come in, come in," said she, with all that generous hospitality, which none knows better how to value than a sailor, "I hope no one is injured." "Not much," said I; "a sailor would not think it much to be cast away, if he could step at once into as snug a cabin as this is." The word *sailor* caused her immediately to observe us more attentively; and I saw in her countenance an expression of peculiar sensibility and anxiety. She piled wood upon the fire; went to the door to listen to the voice of her husband; returned, and inquired what she could get for us; and, after a moment or two, went again to the door to listen. My fellow-travellers, in congratulating themselves upon their safety, and one in examining his arm, and another his leg, were too much engaged to notice the good woman any further than to cordially thank her, and to assure her that they needed no assistance. But my curiosity was awakened; and I was in no small degree gratified, when the old man entered and said, "well, gentlemen, you must put up with such accommodations as I can give you for the night; for the coach is so much broken that we cannot repair it until the morning."

The good woman seized the first favourable moment of whispering to her husband, "these are sea-faring men, my dear." Instantly I perceived a new, and more striking expression of countenance. It was an expression of pleasure; but mixed, as I cannot describe, with something, which I was certain was not pleasure. It was a countenance of the greatest kindness, but deeply marked with lines of suffering. He came towards us, while his wife began immediately to make provision for a supper. I rose, and giving him my hand, said, "we are sailors, and accustomed to danger."—A tear startled into his eye; and, offering his hand to each, he gave us the most cordial welcome. He then left us, to assist the driver in the care of his horses, and to bring our baggage into the house.

It was half an hour before our host returned; and in this interval, two or three stories, told by my companions, so fixed the attention of the farmer's wife, and once or twice appeared to produce in her so great an agitation of spirits, that for a moment I was even alarmed. A good supper, however, was soon provided, and my weary companions were glad to be shown to bed. But I excused myself from going with them, as in truth I preferred the fire-side, and was very desirous of a more intimate acquaintance with my new friends.

I began to inquire of the old man the size of his farm, the number of his cattle, and the produce of his fields. But I soon found that I had not touched the string, on which his sorrows hung. In return, he asked me of my voyages, and of the dangers and sufferings of sailors. I saw in his eye, and in the whole countenance and manner of himself and his wife, an unutterable anxiety and depression of mind.—"My good friend," said I, "sailors are not the worst of men. There are good and bad among them, as in all other classes of society; and I have known as good men—aye, a few as truly good—as I have known upon the land.—But the exposures of a young seaman are indeed very great." "Pardon me, sir," said the old man, as he drew his rough hand over his eye; "I know, yes, I know the dangers of a sailor's life. My second son is a sailor; and I know not that we shall ever see him again.—He has not returned to us these four years, and I fear"—He could not express his fears. Unable longer to restrain her emotions, his wife now wept in that silent agony of grief, that I knew not myself how to speak, and scarcely how to refrain from weeping. But immediately forming the resolution, "you shall not lose your son, if it be possible to save him," I said, "Your boy, notwithstanding, may be alive and well: and if I can find him out, you shall have no reason to complain of the storm of this night, nor of any of the trouble which we have given you." "O speak not of trouble," said the old man; "I thank God for seeing you; and if you could indeed find my child"—He paused again, leaving his sentence unfinished; but after a moment continued, "yet it is not impossible." "How old," said I, "is your son?" "Twenty-four last October," he replied. "He left us at fifteen; and in a year returned, much grown; but ah! unlike what he was when we gave him our parting blessing. He went again, and again returned. But how shall I tell you of the anguish of my heart? Again he left us, with the best council which we could bestow, and with many prayers. But at twenty we saw him—O! it is more than a father's heart can sustain." He sobbed. He rose and walked;—and his wife, unable to bear the double burden of his grief and her own, left the room. How affecting are the tears of the aged! Above all, the tears of an aged father and mother, mourning over the lost virtue of their child! I must have had a heart of stone, to have been unmoved. Yes, I wept.

"Are you a father?" said the old man. "I am," I replied; "but my children are yet too young to excite much anxiety." "God preserve you," he said, "from the anguish of a broken heart. You are a stranger to me, and are the first stranger to whom I have opened my sorrows. But you have drawn them from me. I have lived sixty-five years, and have received many, very many blessings; and can remember, too, many days of bitter suffering.—But this last trial is the heaviest of all. I have buried a son, strong, active, generous, and in early piety, all which a father might hope;—and a daughter of seventeen, tall, straight as our own pines, beautiful, the delight of her mother and myself. But she died with an unshaken faith, and a hope full of immortality.—*They* are at rest; and, concerning them, I am in peace. But our days pass in sorrow; and our nights, especially when the storm rages around us, in painful watchfulness. His mother will not sleep to night; for the image of our poor boy, in times like this, is constantly before us." "I will leave no exertion untried for you, my good friend," said I; "and if he is to be found, he shall find in me a father." He turned short, and grasped my hand—"The father of mercies bless you!" said he.—"Should I fall asleep in such a night as this, in my dreams I should be seeking my Charles in some desolate country, while I felt myself exposed to all the severity of the weather; or I should be with him on the ocean, and see him fallen from the mast into the sea, and, in the agony of death, calling upon me to save him;—or I should be in some place of profaneness and profligacy, where I should hear his voice;—where I should see him; but from which he would escape, and leave me to the pursuit of him, amidst all the horrors of the storm." "I have forgotten," said I, "to ask his name. "It is Charles Grafton."

I sat till twelve with the old man, and was then willing to retire. He felt that he had said enough, and became silent. It was no common effort which he had made, and I felt too deep a reverence for his silence, unnecessarily to interrupt it. I retired, but not to sleep. I could not think of these distressed parents and sleep. I knew Charles, for he had once sailed with me; but I knew nothing of him with which I could console the heart of his faither. But (thought I) he has had a pious education; and though the seeds which have sprung up be choked, their root, perhaps, is not dead.—*There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root therof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground, yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant.** This was a precious reflection; and I cherished it, as if it had been suggested by an angel. My anticipated voyage had now an interest altogether new; and I felt that I should be compensated for any efforts, if I might be the instrument of rescuing this young man from ruin, and of gladdening the hearts of his aged and most worthy parents, by witnessing his return to virtue and true happiness.

In reflections like these, the hours of night wore away; and when I came with my companions, in the morning, to the room which we had left, we found the old man and his wife at the fire. The thought now first occurred to me, that we had occupied together all their beds. It was so. But an apology, or expression of regret, was utterly forbidden. A good breakfast awaited us; and, by the assistance of Mr. Grafton and his *eldest* son, the stage coach was soon in readiness, and we were prepared to resume our journey.

* Job xiv. 7, 8, 9.

I soon sailed for Liverpool, from whence I was bound for the North West Coast. I have no wish to write a narrative of my voyage, for, considered simply as a voyage, it was not more interesting than have been a hundred other long voyages. But a short account of Charles Grafton, may perhaps be useful to some young sailors: and, in the course of it, I would very respectfully offer a few remarks to masters, which I can only wish may be as candidly received, as they are kindly intended.

We left New-York at the close of April; and on the 20th of May, were in the river Mersey. Not a day—nor, I can safely say, for many hours together—was the image of the venerable, distressed farmer and his wife, absent from my mind; and inconsiderate as I could not but sometimes think that I had been, in awakening in these parents even a hope, that I might bring their child to them, I was resolved not to enter a port, nor to visit a vessel, without inquiring for him. To seek for a sailor, without knowing even to which quarter of the globe he had sailed, seems, indeed, an enterprise almost as desperate, as to attempt to take up again the exact drop which we have seen fall into the water. But I had given my word, and was determined to be faithful to it. Was it chance then, or was it providence? I am not disposed to quarrel about words; but when I accomplish an important object, and especially when I have many times secretly looked to God, with the hope that I should not be disappointed, I have *felt*, what all the reasonings of the world could not disprove to me, that to God I owed my happiness, and that He had a claim to my best gratitude. A ship arrived from Holland, only the day before I was ready to sail, and I took the earliest opportunity of making my last application. For a moment, my happiness was complete. The first person whom I saw was Charles Grafton. It is possible, under other circumstances, that I might not have known him. But the habit which I had acquired of thinking of him, with his resemblance of his father, whose countenance I can never forget, made me instanly remember him. "Have I found you?" said I. But recollecting that my first business was with the captain, I immediately inquired for him.

The business was soon settled between us; and through the kindness of Capt. L———, Charles' agreement to the plan was only necessary to its accomplishment. In this there was but little difficulty; and before evening he was in my ship. A friend was with me who was just returning to America; and I wrote the following note, assuring him that I would be answerable for any expense in securing its safe deliverance.

To Mr. J. Grafton.

MY DEAR SIR—Your son is with me. I shall not probably return for two years, but depend upon it, I shall not forget my promise; and I hope yet again to enjoy your brown loaf and black jug, under circumstances in which they will furnish a sweeter repast, than the best spread tables of the world. Accept my affectionate remembrance and best wishes.

G. H.

My first object was to gain the confidence of Grafton. His attachment to me, and my influence over him, would follow of course. Capt. L——— said that he was a good sailor. I soon found him also to be grateful. A fortnight passed after leaving Liverpool, in which I shewed him all the kindness which was consistent with his situation; and letting my mates into the secret of my objects, I had him, in the evenings, several times in the cabin. On these occasions, and when alone together, I gave him the advice which I thought that he most needed; referred him tenderly to the unhappiness of his past life; and without suggesting to him that I had seen his parents, drew from him the acknowledgement that he had not seen them for more than four years. A serious recollection of his father and mother affected him deeply, and he began to lament his new engagement, because it prevented him from returning to them. I occasionally threw out suggestions of the anxiety of parents, when their children have been long absent; of the happiness of parents in the virtue, and their misery in the misconduct of their children; and of the joy with which a father and mother must receive a child, who they had feared was lost to them forever. The reflection was sometime as much as he could bear; and so desirous did he become, if there should be an opportunity, of working his way immediately to America, that I one evening said to him, "Suppose, Charles you could get to your native country again, would you go home?"

"Would I sir? O certainly. It is now the only blessing which I ask of heaven, to see my old father and mother."

"But four years," said I, "is a long time.—Perhaps—it is possible—should you arrive, that you might not see them."

"The thought, sir, is misery. I cannot endure it. I have been indeed a wretch. But the prayer which I learned at my mother's knees, I have hardly failed of saying, at least on ship board, as often as I have thrown myself into my hammock. But perhaps I have been the murderer of that mother; of as good a father, as was ever given to a child."

I let him give full vent to these strong feelings; for they were the feelings of returning virtue. At length he said, "what would I not give—what would I not do—but for an hour to see them!" "And what would you do," I replied, "could you but *hear* from them?" "Is it possible?" said he. "It is indeed. I have seen them, and in a short time they will know that you are with me." "My God, I thank thee!" he exclaimed, with as strong devotion as I believe could be felt by man. I explained to him the circumstances which had introduced me to his parents, and my promise of endeavouring to find him. "And now, Charles," said I "go to your hammock." "Thank you, sir," he replied; "and if you will allow it, at another time, I will give you an account of myself, which will at least be a relief to my own mind; and enable me, with greater advantage, to put myself under your future direction."

[*To be continued.*]

From the Sierra Leone Gazette, Aug. 31.

HORRORS OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

The case of the Portuguese schooner San Jose Hallace, prize to Lt. Hagan of the Thistle, and condemned in the Mixed Commission Court, affords a melancholy instance of the unfeeling and atrocious manner in which the Slave Trade is carried on to Leeward. This schooner boat, did not measure seven tons burthen, was only twenty-eight feet long, and the space over the water casks, in which the miserable slaves in irons were stowed, was barely seventeen inches in height.

From the information obtained by Lt. Hagan, in the river Calabar, corroborated by the evidence taken in this colony, it appears that thirty negroes were put on board this boat in the Calabar; that they were at sea nearly two months without being able to make Princes, when they put back to Calabar with the loss of 10 negroes literally starved and crushed to death. It was at this period the boats of the Thistle made the seizure, and rescued the remaining twenty from the grasp of Duke Ephraim, in whose possession they then were. The state to which these poor creatures were reduced, when received on board the Thistle, Lieut. Hagan describes as most dreadful; the action of the irons on their arms and ancles, and the sores produced by the small casks, on which they were stowed, added to their extreme state of emaciation and debility, presenting altogether such a spectacle of horror and suffering humanity, as that officer, long as he had been upon the coast, never before witnessed. Six or eight of these victims of slave-dealing cupidity, died on board the Thistle on the passage to this port; the remainder were, of course, placed in the hospitals, where we understand they are in a fair way of recovery

BRADFORD'S HISTORY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

This book deserves to be read, and, therefore, deserves to be recommended—it speaks of times and of men which should never be forgotten.—The glorious and successful struggle for our rights and privileges, for our laws, religion and government, are here ably portrayed; and the character of those eminent men who so nobly and with such a firm, undeviating and patriotic spirit contended against the administration and parliament of Great Britain, illustrated in a faithful and correct statement of what they attempted and affected. There cannot be a more entertaining or useful book. The events recorded are numerous and exceedingly momentous—the characters real, but chivalrous—the narative interesting, and the catastrophe splendid and happy. The style and language of this history is such as it ought to be, grave and perspicuous; it has no embellishments but correctness in facts. In history, truth is better than ornament; and in relating events of such magnitude and interest as is contained in this volume, any attempt at fine writing would be beneath the subject. It is a book for New-England men, and we trust that every citizen of Massachusetts will be proud to have it in his possession. *Pat.*

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